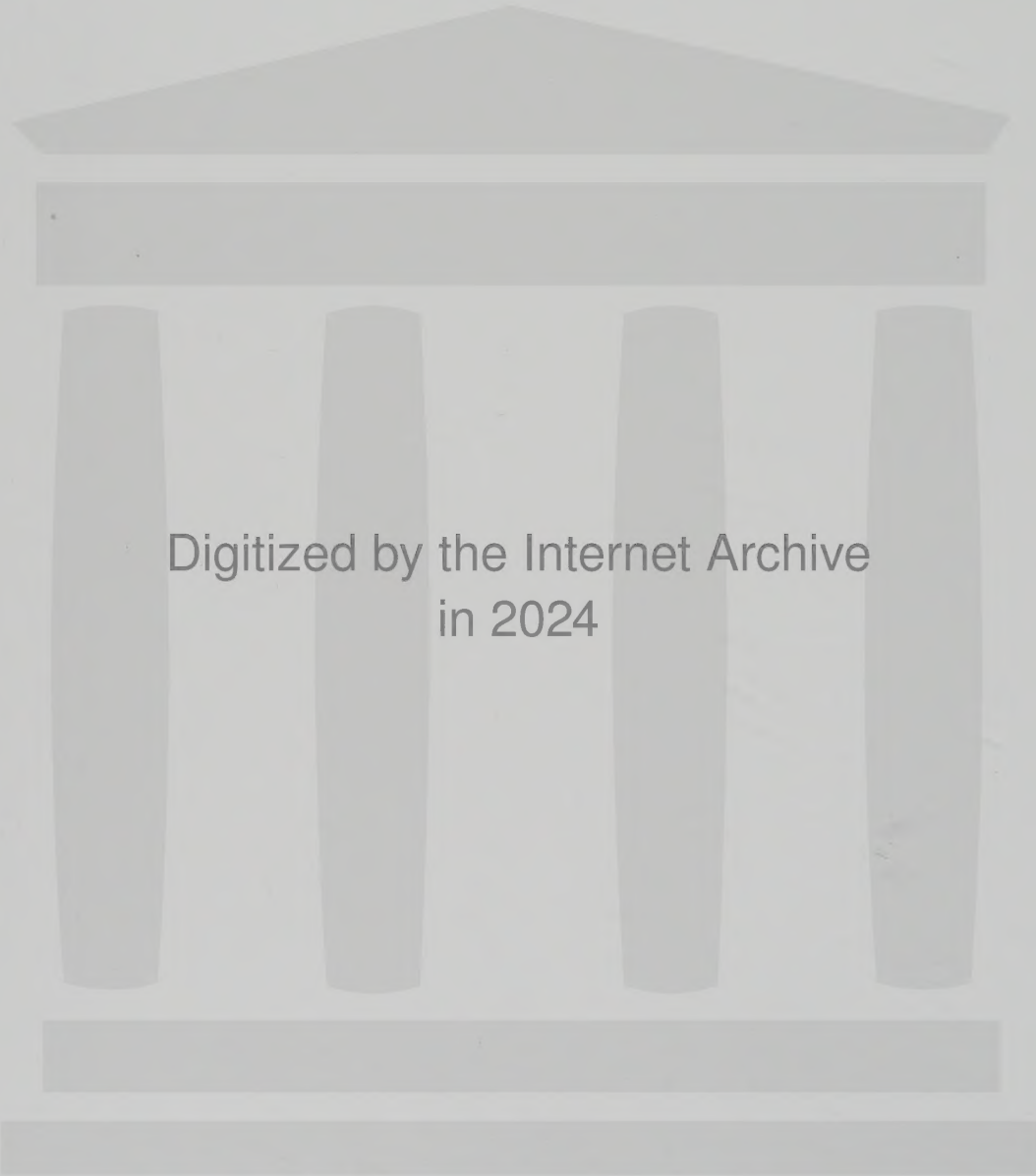


color it like
Shakespeare

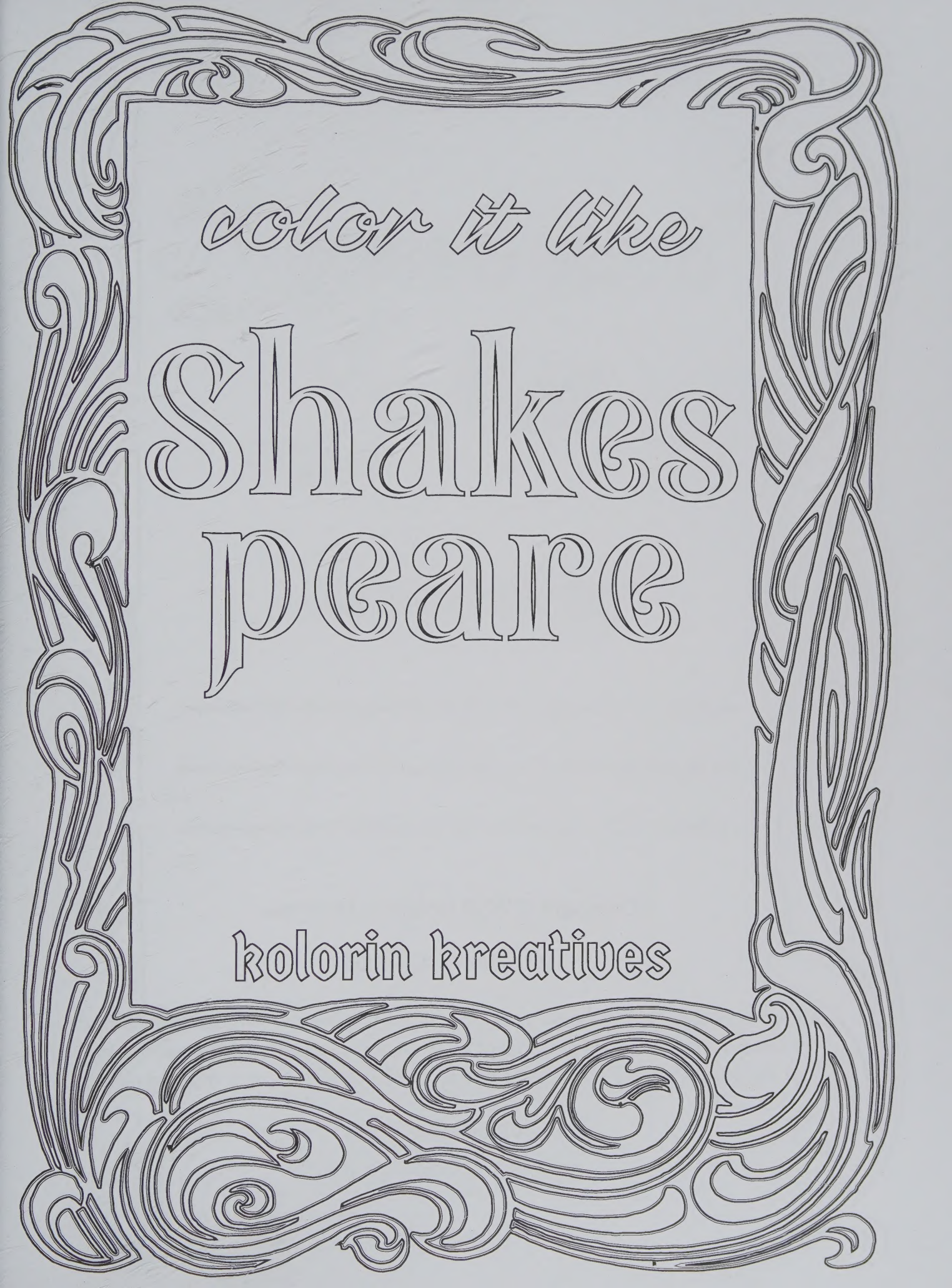
Romeo
and
Juliet

an adult coloring book



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A decorative border in an Art Nouveau style, featuring intricate, flowing lines and organic shapes that frame the central text. The border is composed of multiple layers of these swirling patterns, creating a rich, textured effect.

color it like

Shakes peare

kolorin kreatives

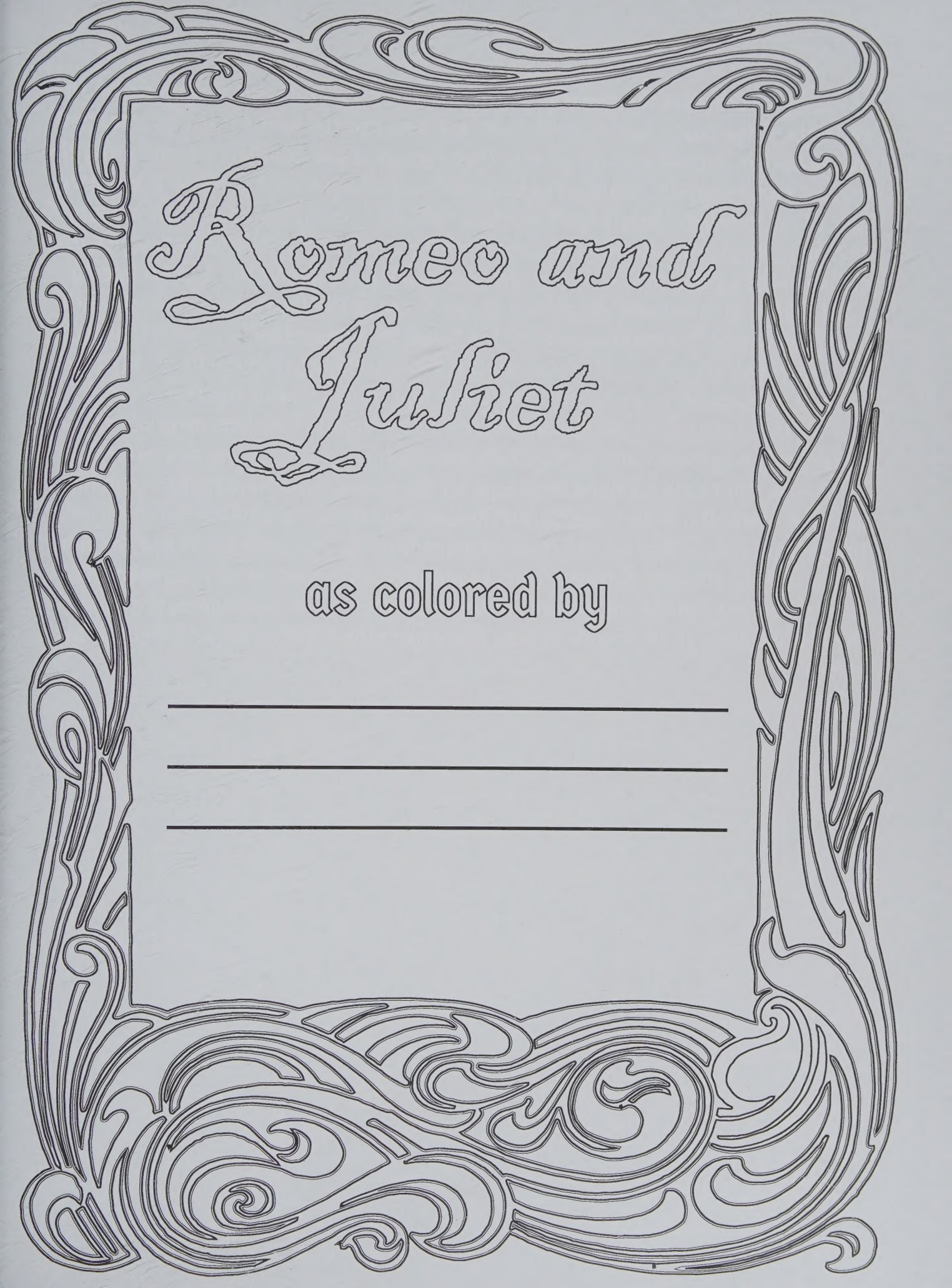
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KOLORIN KREATIVES

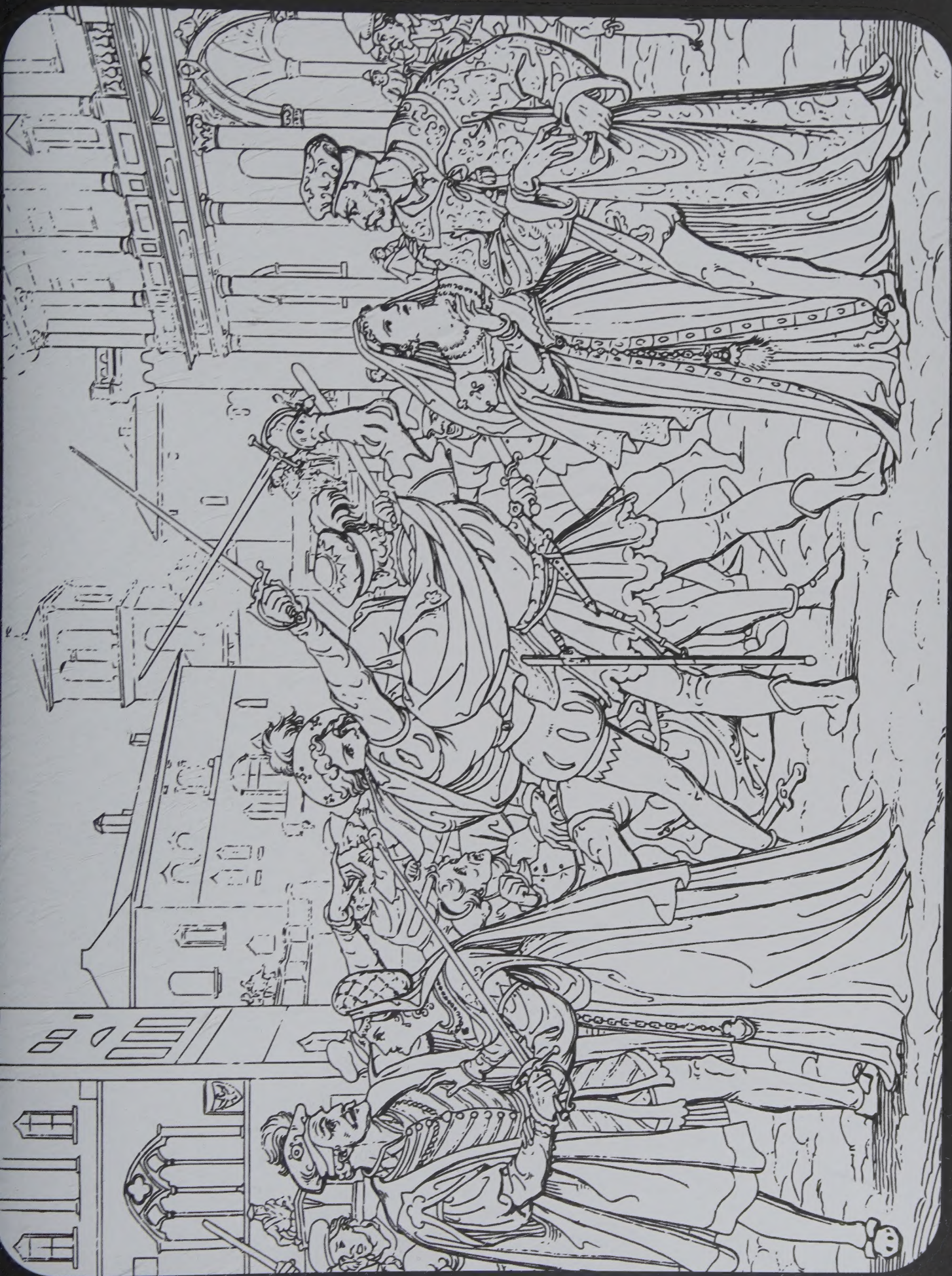
hello@kolorinkreatives.com

An intricate, symmetrical Art Nouveau border surrounds the central text. It features flowing, organic lines with stylized floral and foliate motifs, including large, swirling acanthus-like leaves and delicate, vine-like patterns that create a sense of movement and elegance.

Romeo and Juliet

as colored by

This represents the moment when, just after the grotesque fray between the servants of the Capulets and Montagues, the heads of the hostile families, alarmed by the uproar, hasten into the street. They recognize one another, and instantly the ancient enmity, which continues to burn with youthful violence beneath the silvered hair of the veterans, bursts forth in all its fury. The scene is rendered more expressive by being placed between the palaces of the Capulets and Montagues, which are distinguished by the arms of the respective families — those of the Capulets being a hat with a band hanging down from it, and those of the Montagues an eagle with expanded wings. The countenances of the heads of the two families, whose wives are using their utmost efforts to pacify them, are highly characteristic. In the features of old Capulet, in particular — on your right as you look at the Plate — are marked that vehement rage and that unfeeling harshness which he afterwards suffers to break forth towards his lovely daughter. Here we see him so mastered by passion, that with his hand he grasps for his sword, forgetting that he is in his morning-gown. It has very judiciously thrown the vulgar brawl of the servants into the background; so that we can dwell with pleasure on the noble figures of the fiery Tybalt and the resolute Benvolio, who, brandishing their swords, are commencing their chivalrous conflict. In the remote distance, the Prince, no doubt apprised of the bold violation of his decree, is seen descending the flight of steps in front of his palace.



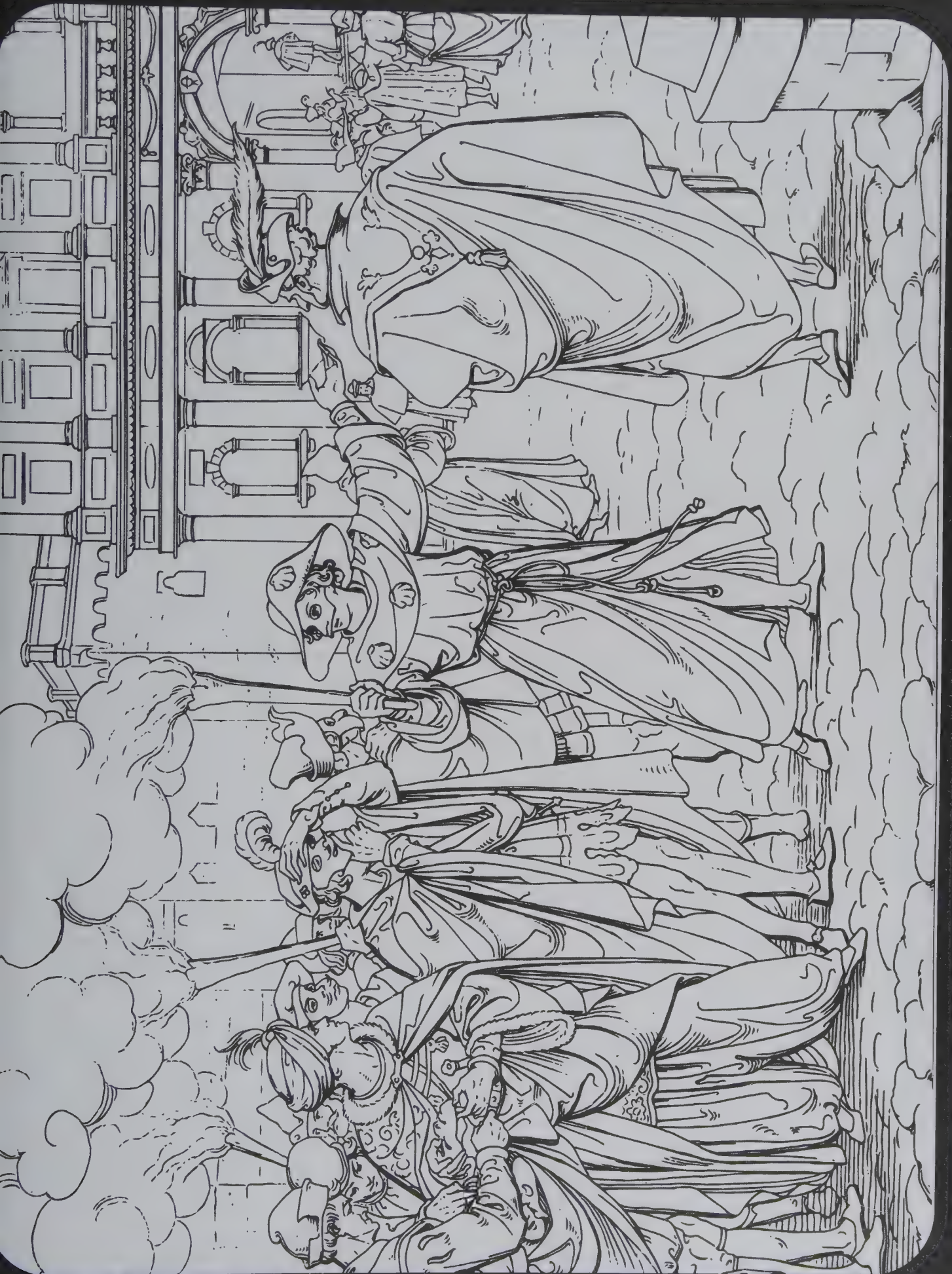
A pair of
star-crossed
lovers
take their
life

CHORUS
PROLOGUE

The invitations of old Capulet to an entertainment in his house have been sent round, and we here see several masks crossing the street to his palace. Romeo and his friends resolve to mask themselves in haste, and to proceed thither. Benvolio proposes to join in a few dances and then to leave; Romeo replies,

A torch for me! Let wantons, light of heart.
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.

It is not difficult, even under the half mask which it has given him, to discover the melancholy-looking eye of Romeo, which distinguishes him from his mirthful friends. We cannot refrain from directing the attention of the observer to the tall, athletic, masked figure on the right of the Plate (who, though not belonging to Romeo's company, is likewise going to the entertainment) in which it has been particularly successful.



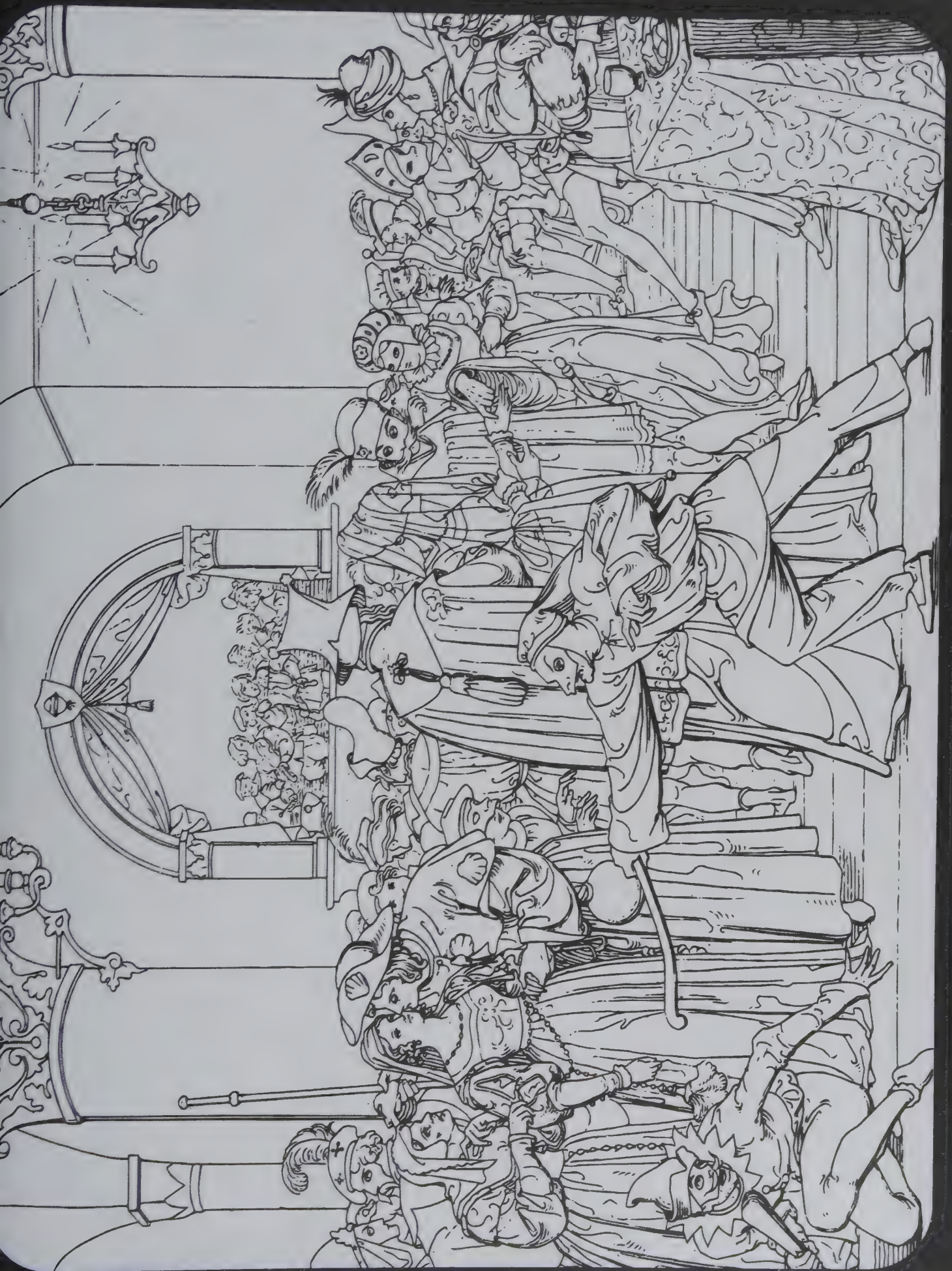
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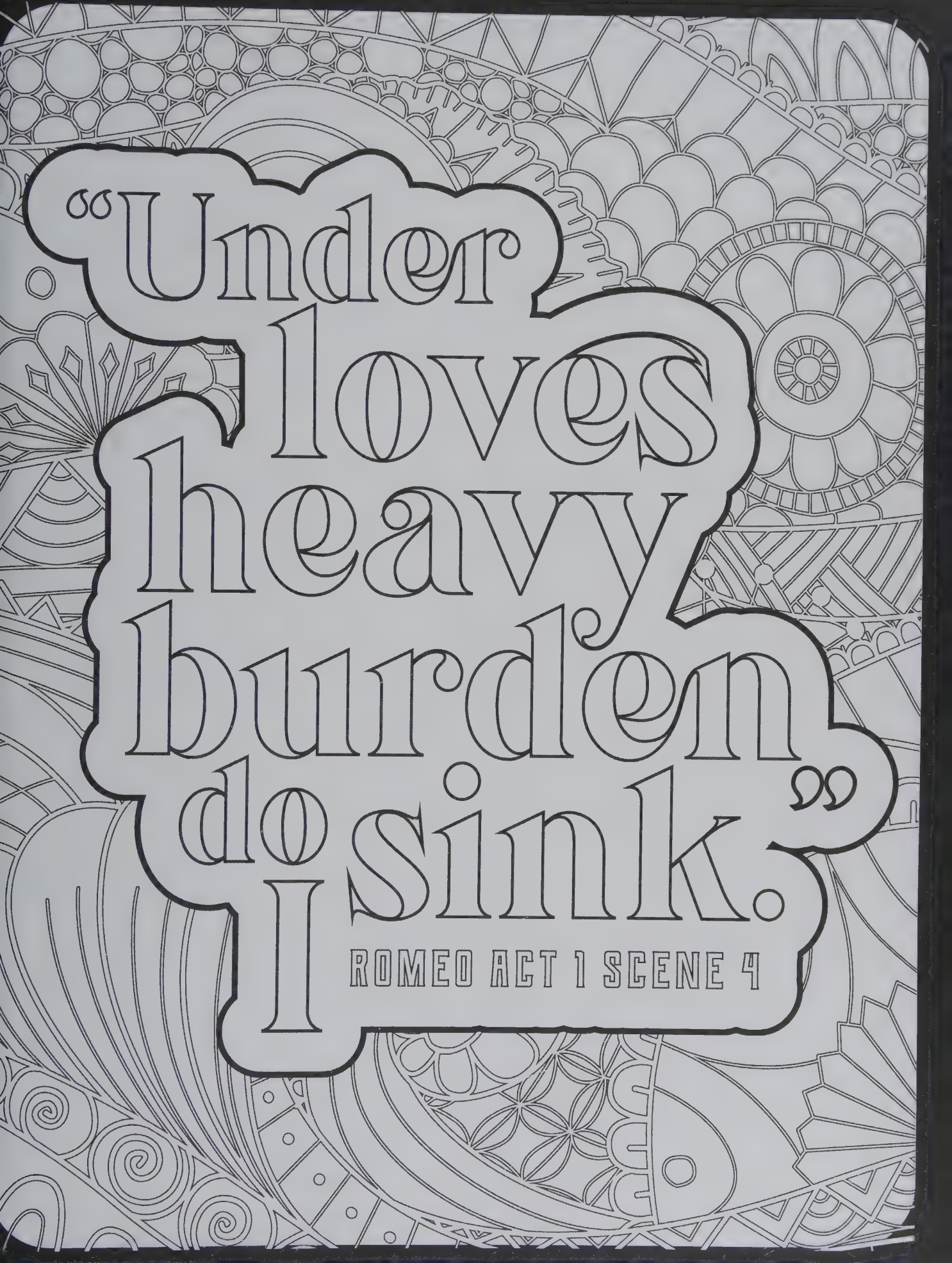
Teach
me how
I should
forget
to think!

56

ROMEO ACT 1 SCENE 1

We find ourselves in the middle of the ball-room, where, in joyous confusion, masked groups of all kinds are moving to and fro, there engaged in dancing, here in conversation. To the latter belong Romeo and Juliet: motionless as saints are wont to be she allows the pilgrim the solicited kiss. In the lovely countenance of Juliet that absence of motion has assumed the expression of sweet resignation to the mighty power of love, which has so suddenly overcome her. Romeo's look is fraught with the most insinuating tenderness. In the Nurse, who plucks Juliet by the sleeve, and rouses her from her delicious unconsciousness, to tell her that her mother craves a word with her, appear the loquacious vulgarity and the base pandering disposition which this woman displays throughout her whole part. In the foreground. Punch and Scapin, in grotesque fight, divert the eyes of the company from the lovers, and furnish at the same time a more lively representation of noisy scenes of revelry. The elderly gentlemen in the background are too deeply absorbed in earnest conversation to notice what is passing about them. The arch look of the servant pouring out wine at a side-table seems alone to show that he is watching the lovers.





“Under
Flowers
heavy
burden
do sink.”

ROMEO ACT 1 SCENE 4

The Cell of Friar Lawrence

The lovers are with him. He conducts them into the adjoining chapel, to give the sanction of the Church to the fond union of their hearts. Juliet, with the expression of celestial confidence and the warmest attachment, lays her hand upon Romeo's breast, as though pronouncing the tender words; —

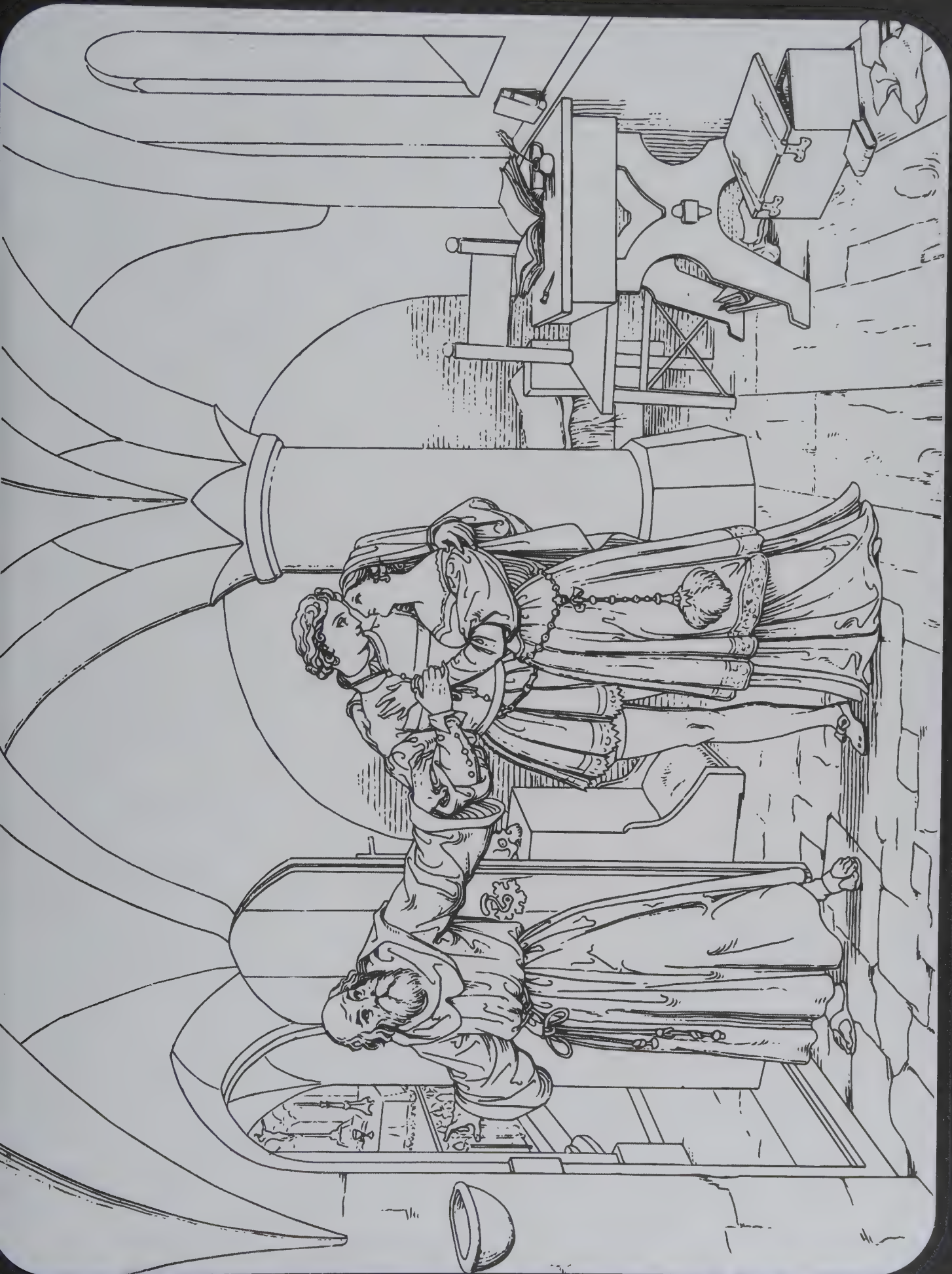
O gentle Romeo,

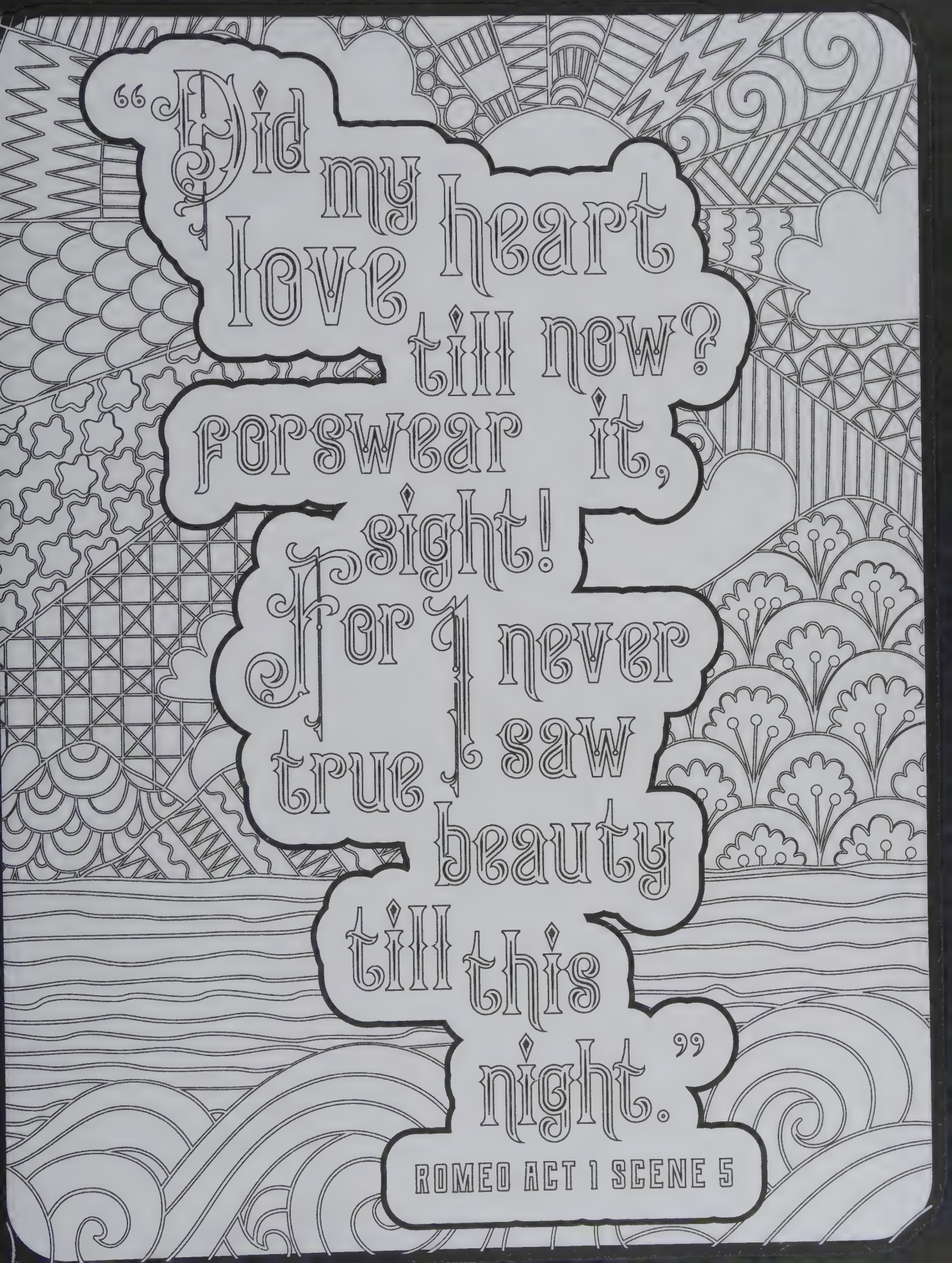
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

And, now she knows that his "bent of love" is "honorable", his "purpose marriage", she adds: —

All my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay.

And follow thee, my lord, through all the world.





“Did my heart
love heart
till now?

for swear it,

sight!

For I never
true I saw

beauty

till this

night.”

ROMEO ACT 1 SCENE 5

The Plate before us represents the lovers on the point of parting. The delicious bridal night of which Juliet says, that strange love grown bold thinks true love acted simple modesty, is soon over. Juliet exclaims:

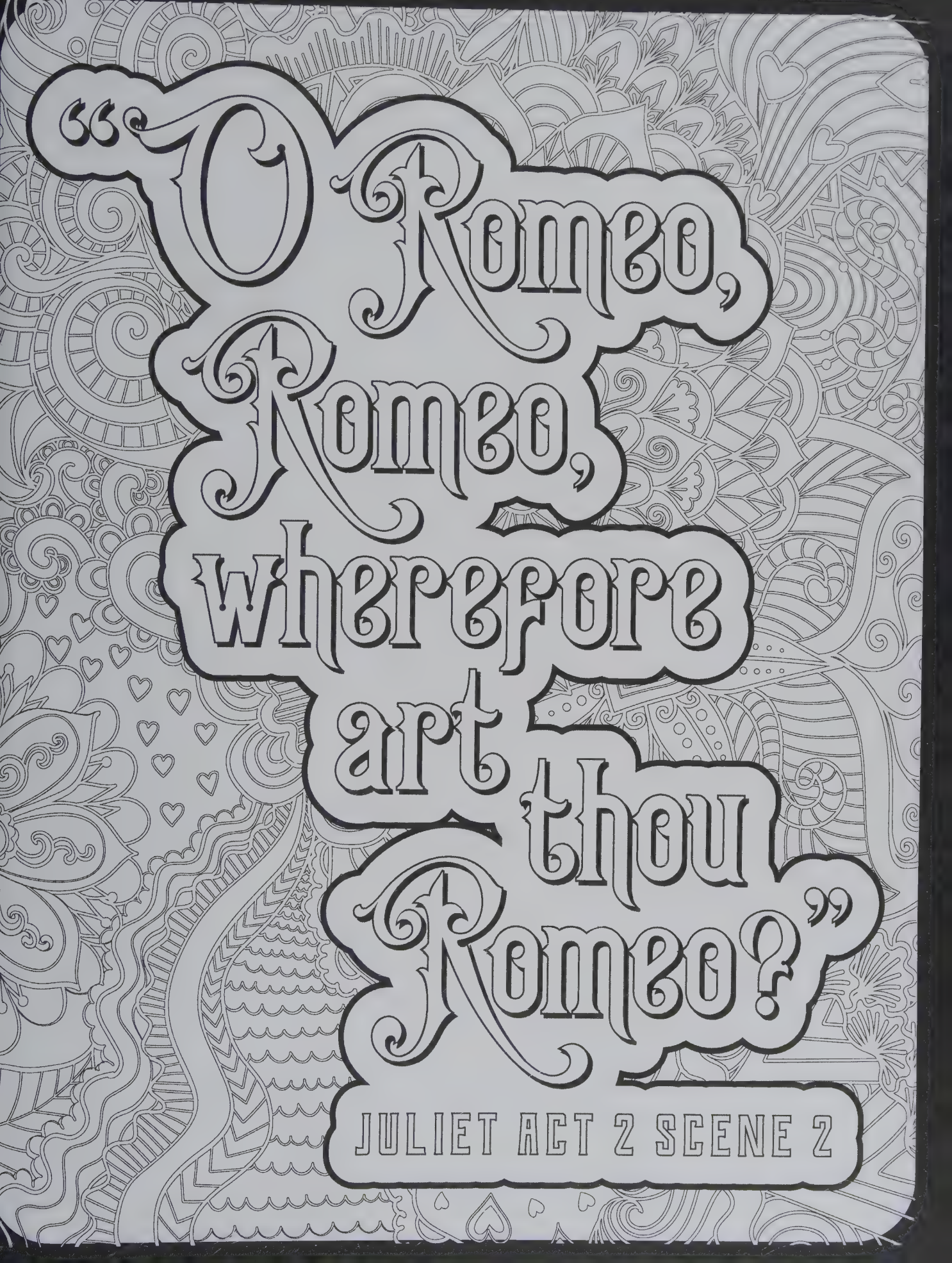
It is — 'tis day! hie hence, begone, away!

She perceives the imminent danger that must arise for Romeo from longer delay. The Nurse then enters, urging the necessity of haste, as her mother will soon be there. In fact, in our design, the countess is seen through a half-open window^ coming along a passage. There is not a moment to lose. Juliet opens the window, with the painfully emphatic words: —

Then window let day in, and let life out.

Romeo has grasped the pillar of the window; one leg is thrown over the parapet; the lovers meet once more in a last embrace — and he leaps down. The surrounding objects are also deserving of notice. In the next room lies the garment, and on the table the jewels which she has put off. Even the pomegranate-tree before the window, the favorite haunt of the nightingale is not omitted, but contributes to present a genuine picture of the scene such as Shakespeare's imagination must have painted it.



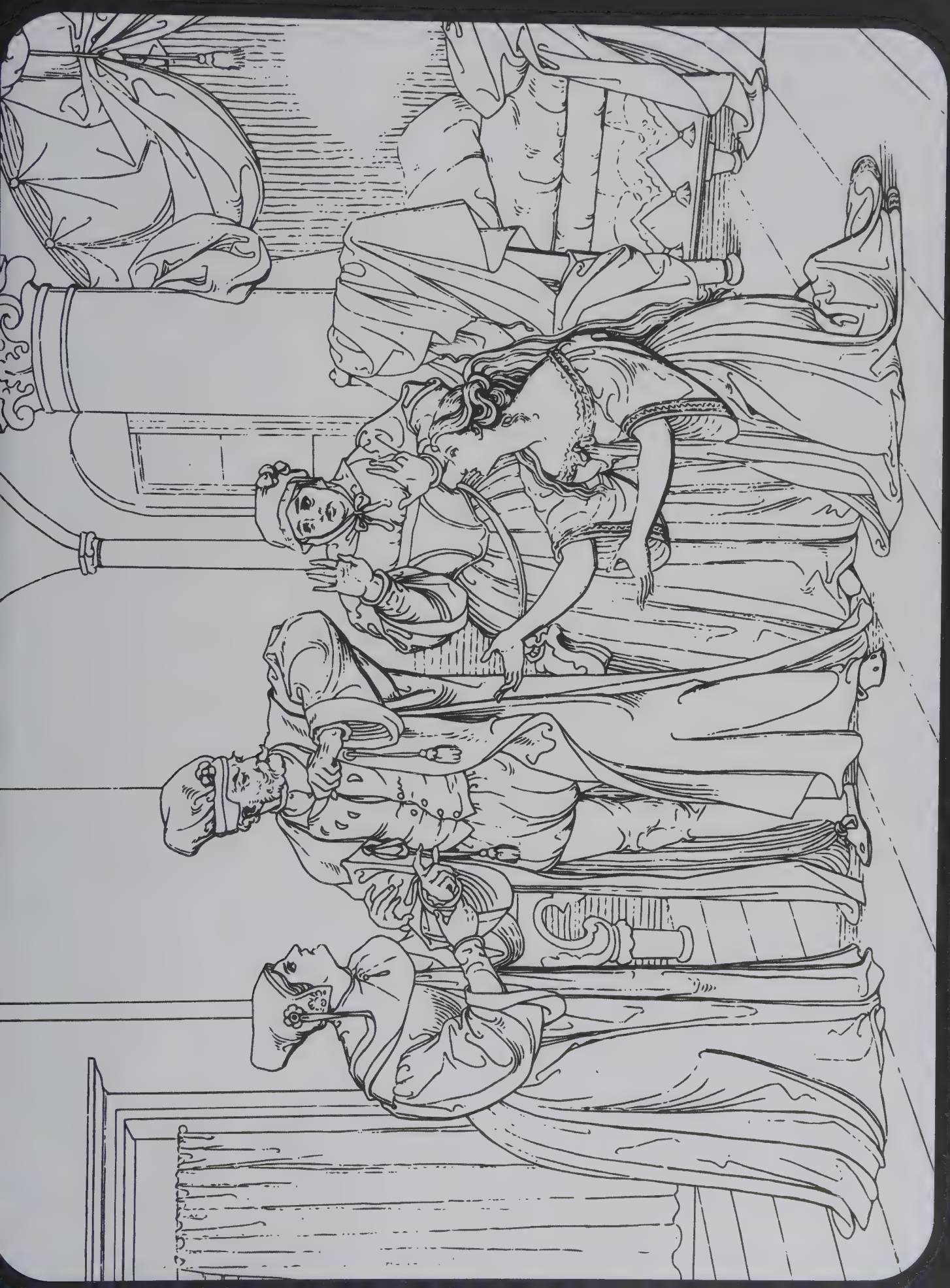


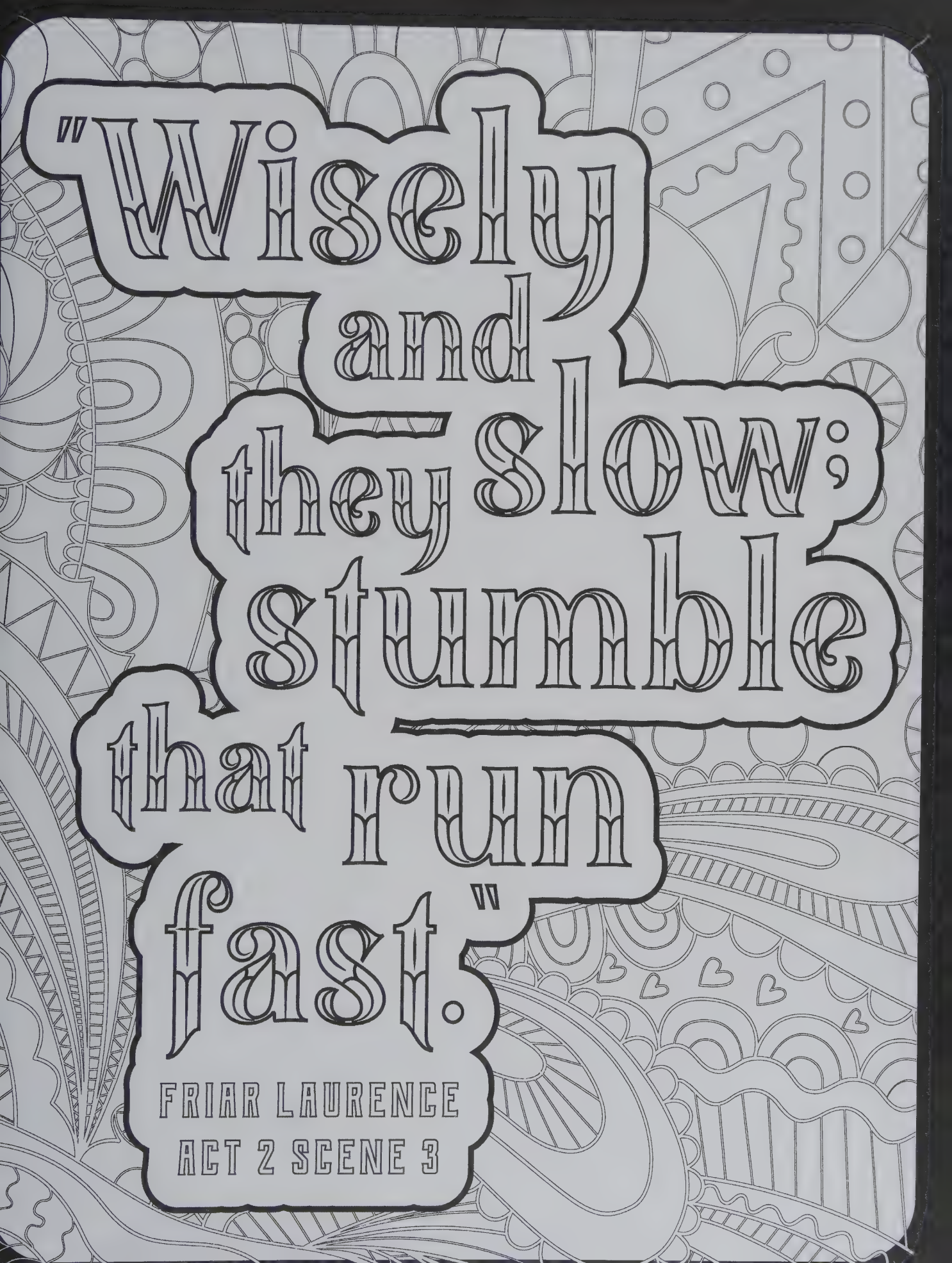
“O Romeo,
Romeo,
wherefore
art thou
Romeo?”

JULIET ACT 2 SCENE 2

We here see the hard-hearted, fiery-tempered Capulet, in a vehement rage, loading with abuse his lovely daughter, who is kneeling before him, and rejecting the proposed union with the Count Paris. The mother, after she has unfeelingly enough complained of her daughter to her husband, now strives to appease him, but of course without success. The gossip of the Nurse makes the incensed old man still more furious, and he is at length maddened to such a degree as to curse his child. With the threat, "Thursday is near!" he leaves her, followed by her mother, who, with unnatural coldness, cries: —

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.





"Wisely
and

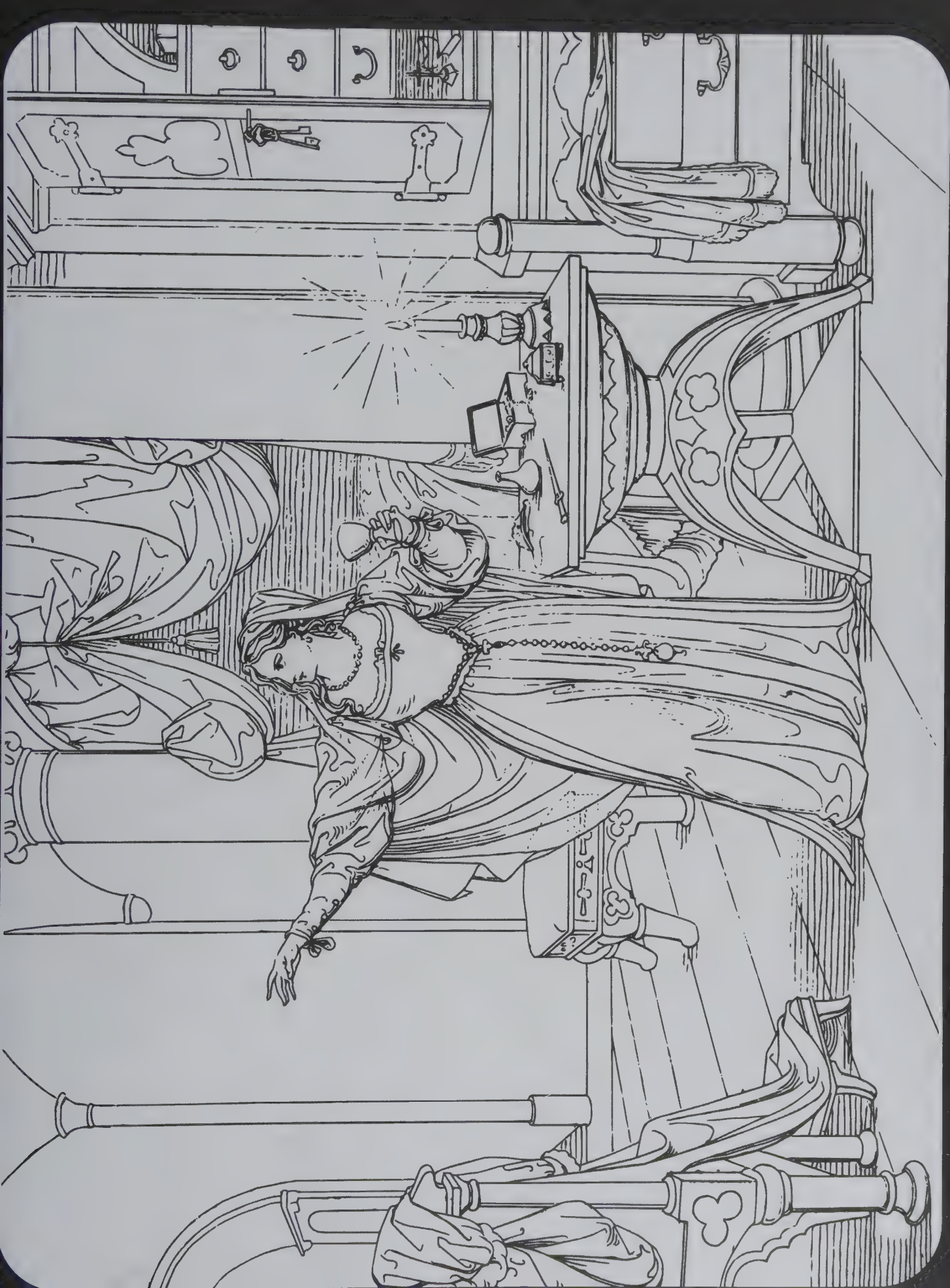
they slow;
stumble

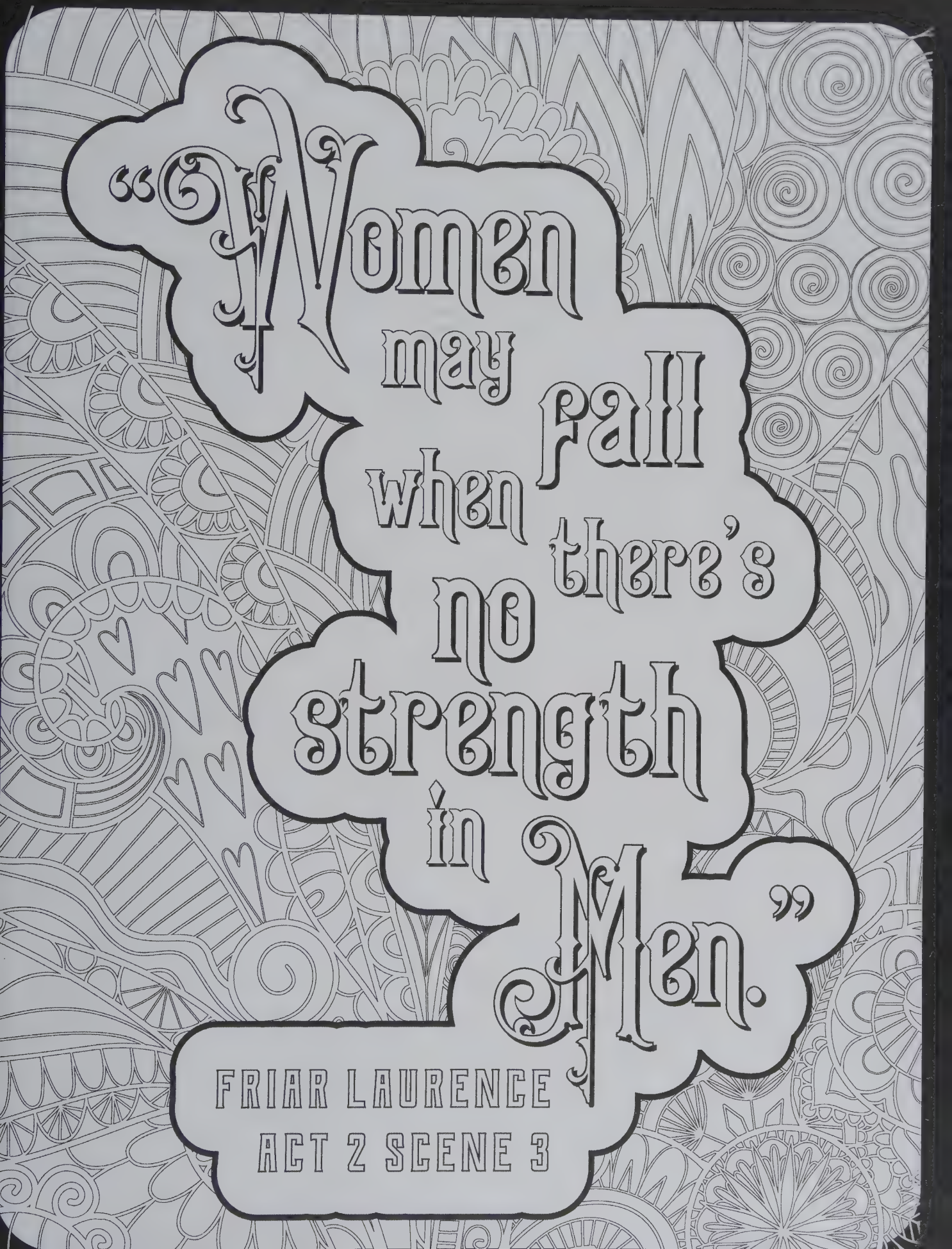
that run
fast."

FRIAR LAURENCE
ACT 2 SCENE 3

Renounced by her hot-headed father, deserted by her unkind mother, betrayed by the base-minded Nurse, who, while Juliet is yet glowing from Romeo's kisses, can, with vulgar levity, recommend to her to extricate herself from this unpleasant situation by forsaking Romeo and giving her hand to the sweet Paris — there she stands alone in tragic grandeur, combating her sorrows. Juliet's resolution is taken; the dagger lies near her; the cup containing the draught prepared by the monk is in her hand. Still she stands there, bright in her loveliness as the taper burning opposite to her, and which, in a few hours, will be spent and extinguished. She is tortured with doubt whether the monk may not have given her real poison. But no — that cannot be; for he had ever approved himself an upright man. But how, if she should awake in the tomb before Romeo's coming! Dreadful possibility! A most ghastly vision bewilders her senses: she beholds in imagination the fiery Tybalt in his bloody shroud, watching for his murderer, Romeo. Observe the fixed, distended eye; the expectant look of agony and horror! Her hair stands erect; she grasps the cup, and cries: —

Romeo, I come! — This do I drink to thee!





“Women
may fall
when there’s
no
strength
in Men.”

FRIAR LAURENCE
ACT 2 SCENE 3

There she lays, the queen of the day, pale and cold, and yet beautiful — so beautiful, that even the old hard-hearted Capulet suddenly softens and breaks forth into the exclamation: —

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field

The expression which it has given to the different heads in this Plate, according to condition and age, is wonderful. In young Paris is seen the deepest sorrow, the vehemence with which youth indulges either joy or grief; and therefore he has least to say. Next to him, the mother, whose previous coldness is succeeded by keen remorse. The Nurse that mischievous gossip, prays with her lips, and, in her disposition of mind, the prayer itself is mere tattle. Old Capulet is even in his sorrow harsh, haughty, and violent. Friar Lawrence rebukes the mourners for the excess of their grief; he directs their views to that Heaven, which has reclaimed Juliet as its property; and he urges a speedy interment, in which he, indeed, must be the most interested of them all. In the faces of the musicians there is also a great diversity of expression, according to the share which they take in the matter. The one on the right, with the hautboy under his arm, is considering with a look of stupid cunning, that there is now nothing to be done but to put up their instruments, and to see whether something to eat may not be obtained from the mourners. The second, with his uplifted pipe, thinks absolutely nothing, as his everyday countenance clearly indicates. To him it is all one — he is hired to play, and, when Peter, the servant, asks him by the way to give them once more the tune of Heart's-ease, the dolt straightway complies, even here in the house of mourning and in the presence of death. The third, whose head only is visible, appears to be the best disposed of the three. His features, to be sure, are trivial, but they denote pity and sincere sorrow.



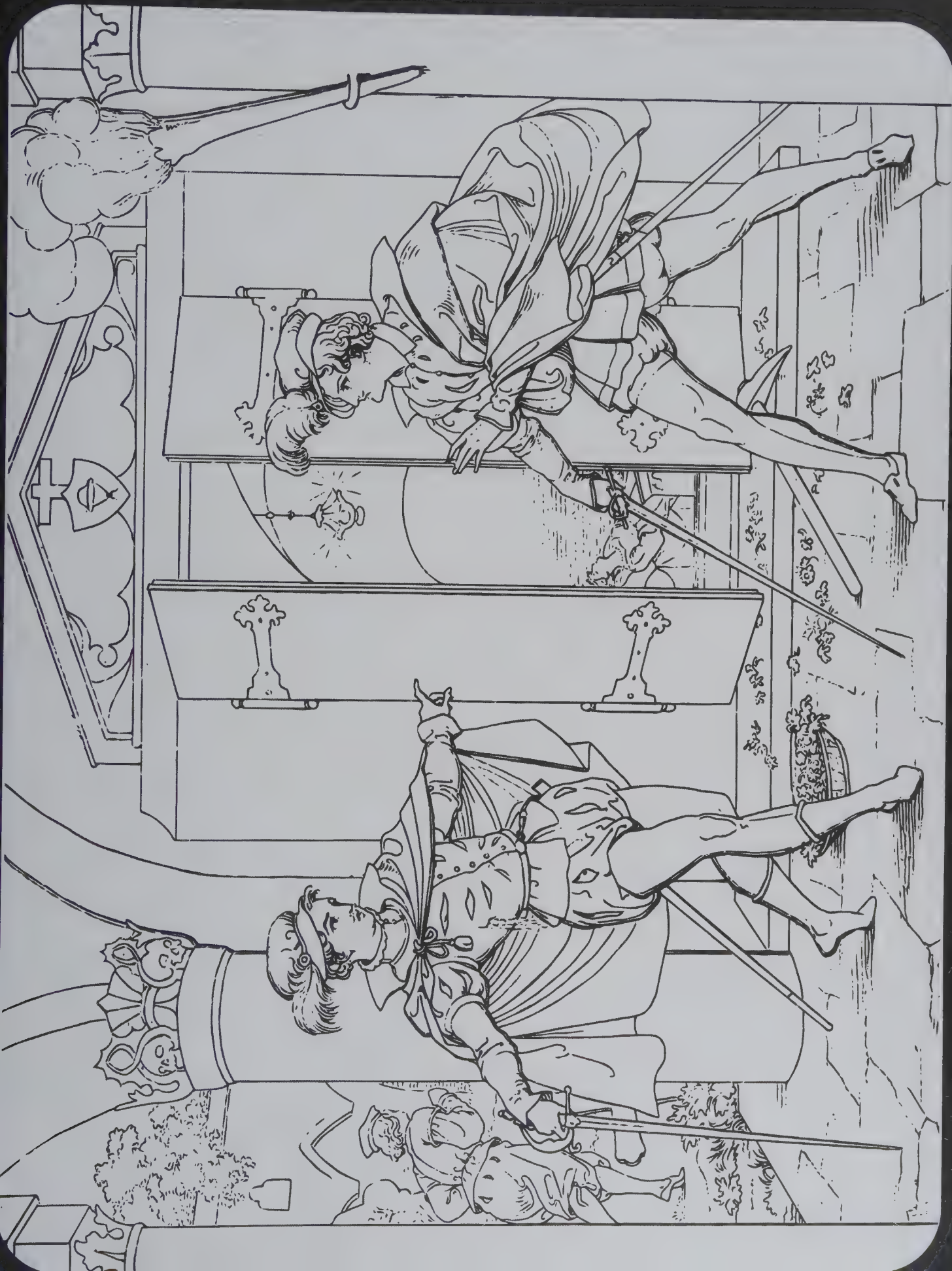
"MERRY
but murders,
partaking
those that
kill."

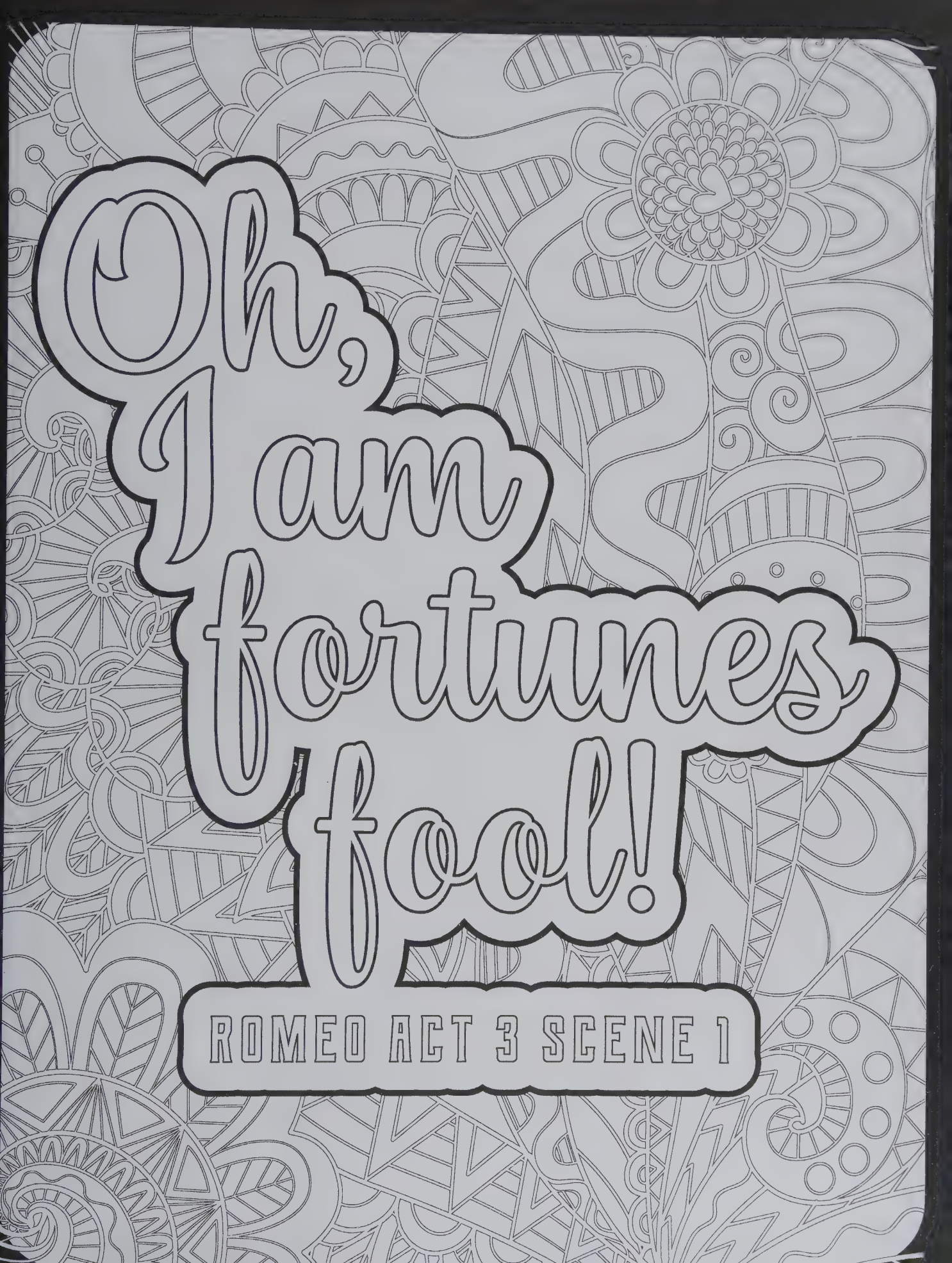
PRINCE

ACT 3 SCENE 1

The Family Burial-place of the Capulets

Tall pillars support the spacious vault. Over the door the family arms, surmounted by a cross, might serve to mark any ordinary chapel. Take notice of the capital of the left-hand pillar — it is composed of death's heads. Can we now have any doubt where we are, and that Death has fixed his abode here? In the background of the vault, which Romeo has broken open with a mattock that lies on the ground, we see Juliet in the coffin. And here, on the threshold of eternity, Romeo and Paris meet and engage in mortal combat. The torch against the pillar, with its smoky flare, throws a dull light on the furious conflict and on an ebbing life: while the bright burning lamp in the vault sheds its clear rays on the silent abode of the dead, on the inanimate form in the coffin and on the speedily withered flowers upon the ground which Paris had strewed at Juliet's funeral. We see the Page running to fetch the watch.





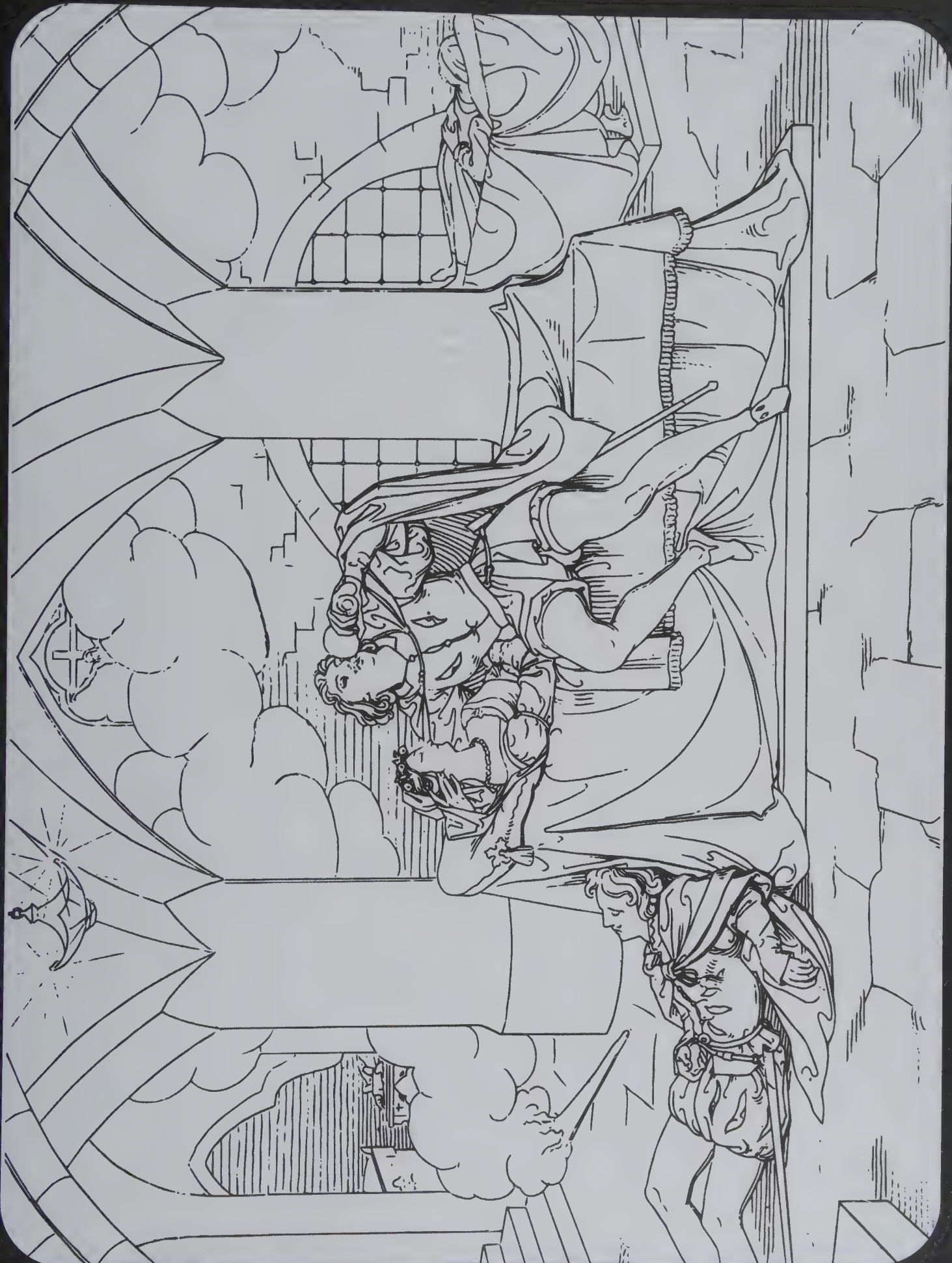
Oh,
I am
fortunes
fool!

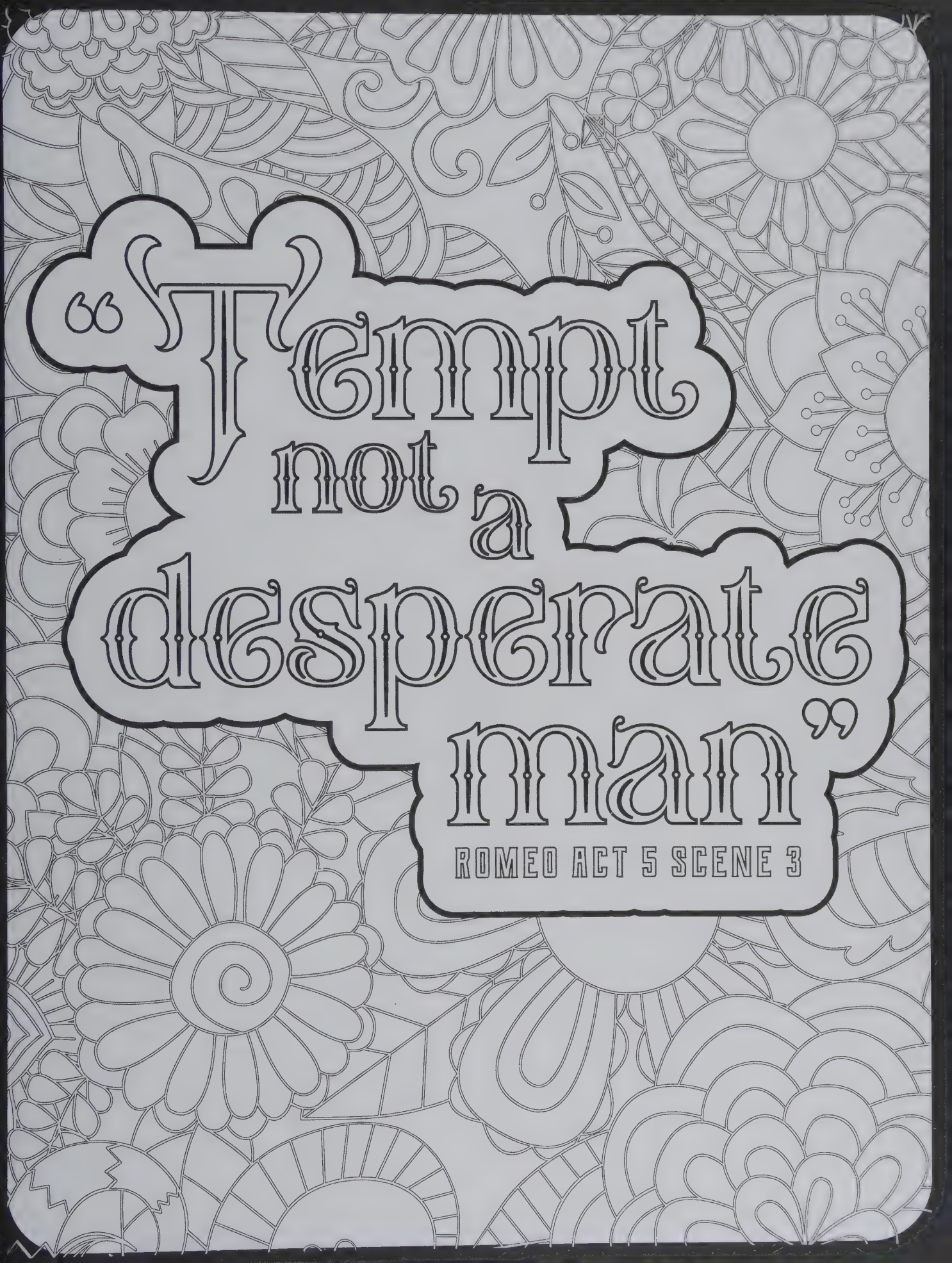
ROMEO ACT 3 SCENE 1

The bosom of the wretched Romeo is torn with the keenest anguish. His Juliet lies before him in the tomb, dead. That this death is not real is unknown to him, because the letter, written by the Friar to acquaint him with these circumstances, has not reached his hands. Gently clasping her in his arms, he presses her to his heart. He imprints the last kiss on her lips, and, hasty as he always was, forthwith determines to commit self-murder. He instantly lifts the poison to his mouth, and no sooner has he drunk it off, than in the agony of death he breaks forth into the exclamation: —

O true apothecary
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

He too is now silent forever, like Paris, who is stretched upon the floor, and Tybalt whom we see in his coffin, in the rear. Romeo's torch lies on the ground. Its smoke rolls in a dense cloud through the vault, half shrouding the crucifix placed at the top of it, to which Romeo's eyes should have been directed before he took his own life.





“Tempt
not a
desperate
man”

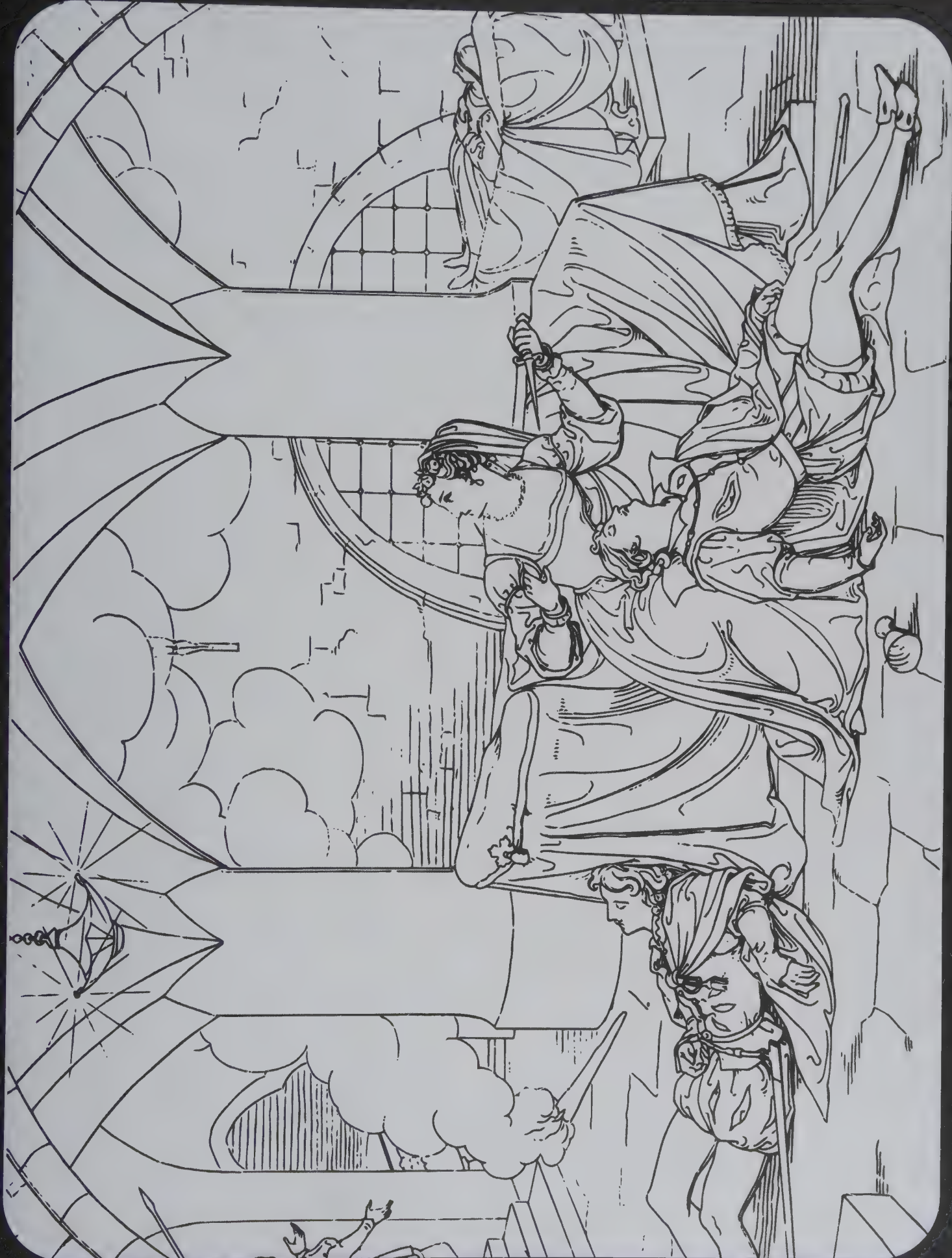
ROMEO ACT 5 SCENE 3

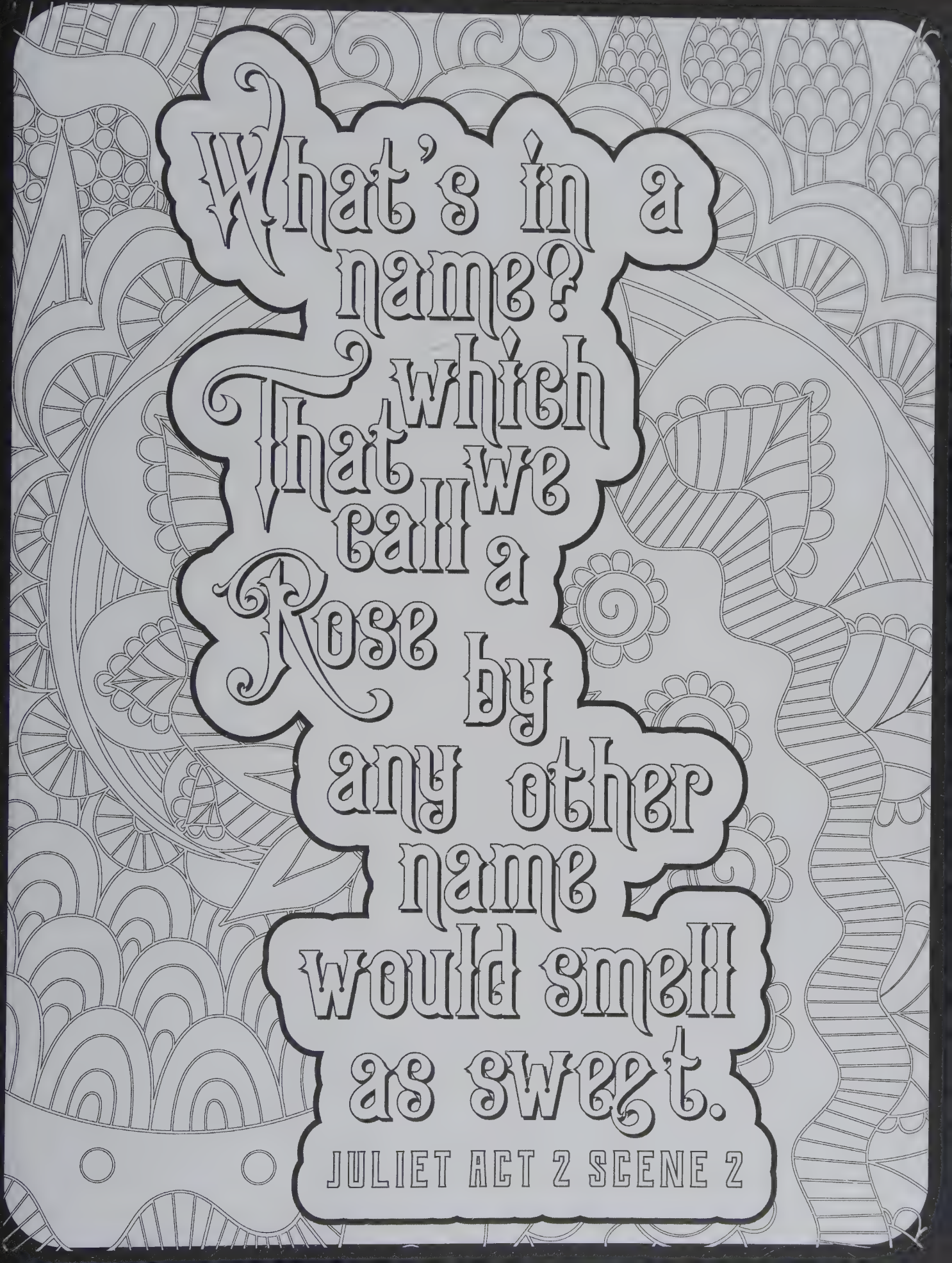
The stillness of death pervades the vault; Juliet awakes at the moment when the Friar, standing beside her coffin, is contemplating the horrid catastrophe. A noise is heard. It is the watch, summoned by the Page of the Count Paris. Friar Lawrence has no time to lose: he cannot spare the unfortunate Juliet —

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris, too.

She raises Romeo, who, in the agonies of death, had sunk to the ground, lays his head upon her soft bosom and kisses his lips. Grief, despair, madness, are blended in her looks, which alas! engrossed as she is by earthly sorrows, are not turned upwards; and thus from her too the image of the crucified Redeemer is veiled in a cloud of smoke, which now completely envelops the upper half of it. She hears a noise, and instantly plunges Romeo's dagger into her bosom, with the words.

There rust and let me die!





What's in a
name?

Which
That we
call a

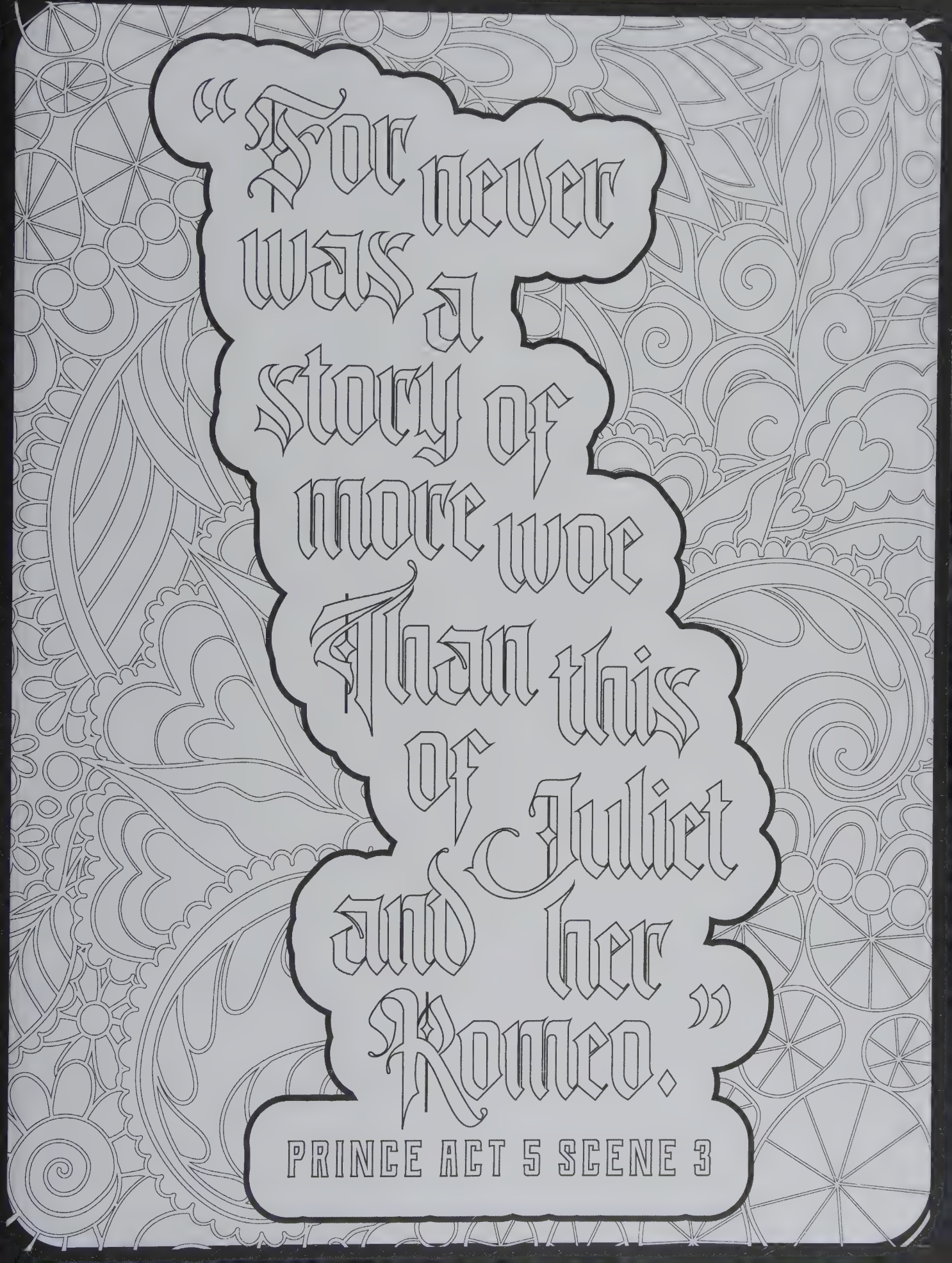
Rose by
any other
name

would smell
as sweet.

JULIET ACT 2 SCENE 2

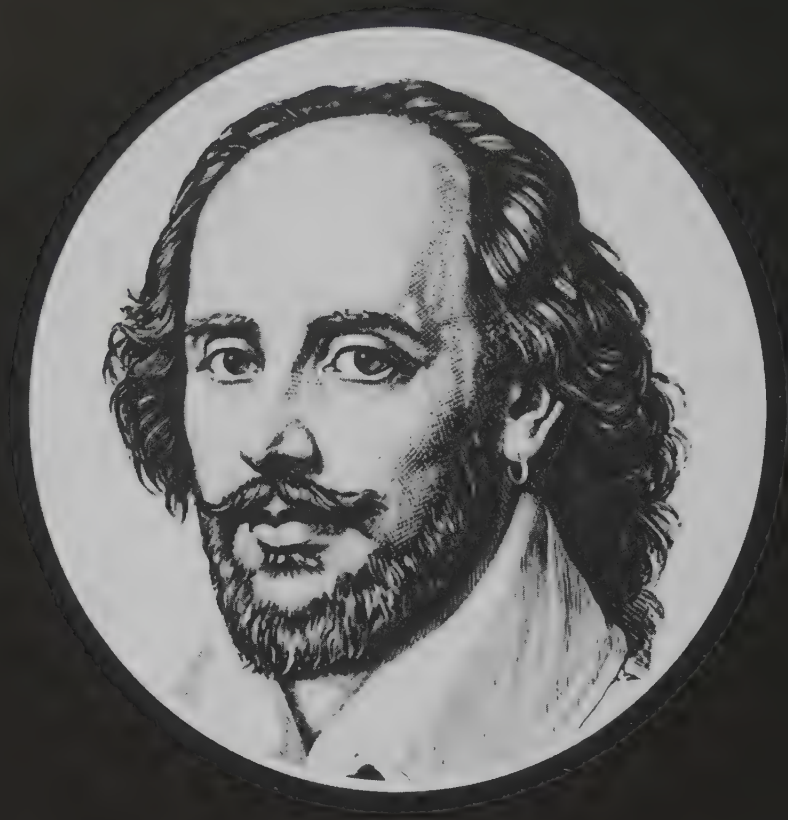
The lovely Juliet has sunk upon Romeo's body, her open death-wound covering his heart. Her beautiful face is still half visible. The Prince, with gloomy look, the females, the watch, stand aghast. On the ground lies blooming youth bathed in its blood, and over the lifeless bodies the aged fathers, whose foolish enmity has sacrificed their offspring, join their shaking hands; and with lips tremulous with grief and anguish and streaming eyes, they stammer forth words of reconciliation. They will look up to Heaven in prayer that it may forgive the sins of them and theirs — and then their eyes will meet the crucifix, which appears plain and clear, for the dull cloud of smoke is dispelled — an emblem of Eternal Love.





“For never
was a
story of
more woe
than this
of Juliet
and her
Romeo.”

PRINCE ACT 5 SCENE 3



Many people believe William Shakespeare is the best British writer of all time.

His many works are about life, love, death, revenge, grief, jealousy, murder, magic and mystery.

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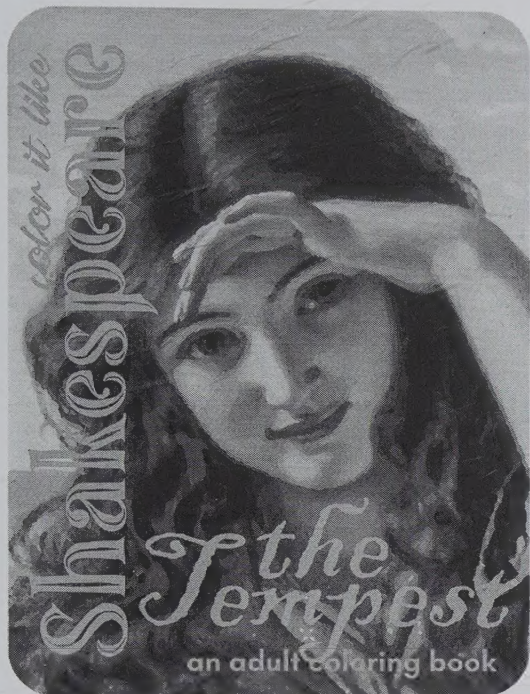


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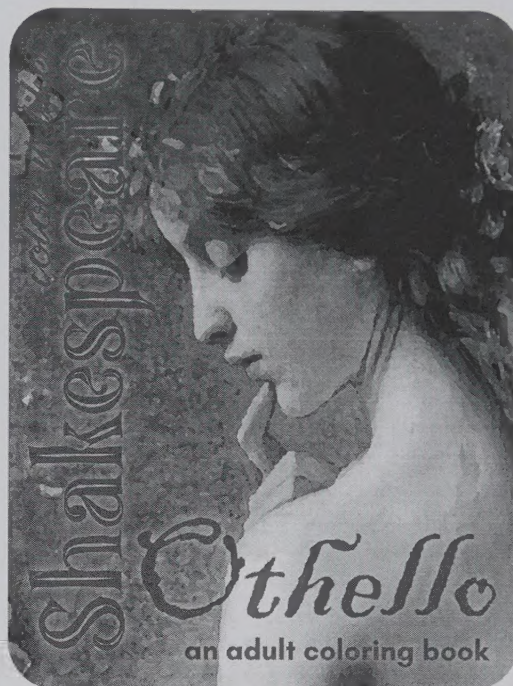


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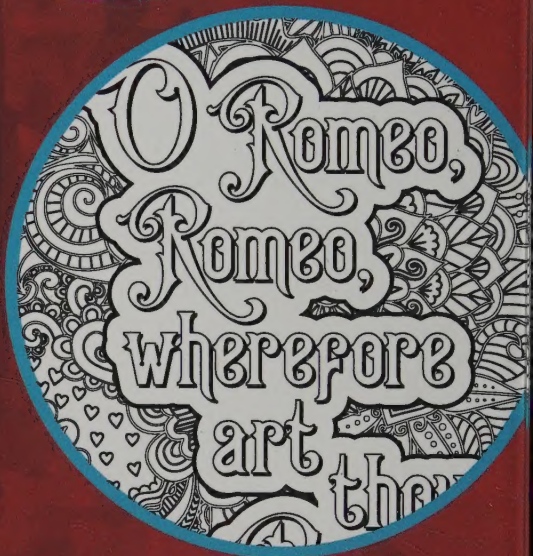


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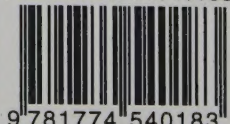
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